The Liberalist

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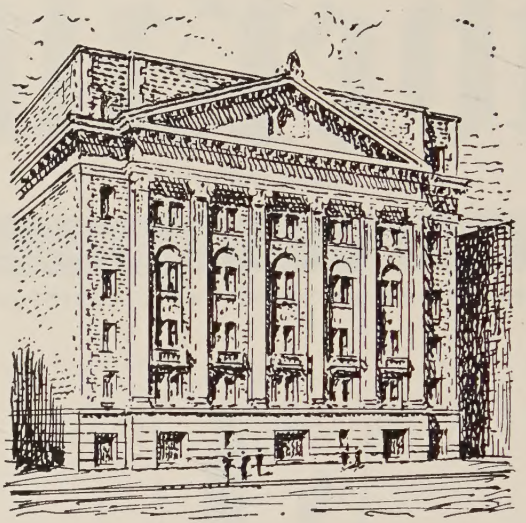
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

(From "The Cenotaph of Lincoln" by James T. Mackay)

And so they buried Lincoln! Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false—he never in the grave hath lain.

(From "He Is Not Dead" by Maurice Thompson)

Years pass away, but freedom does not pass,
Thrones crumble, but man's birthright crumbles not,
And, like the wind across the prairie grass,
A whole world's aspirations fan this spot
With ceaseless panting after liberty,
One breath of which would make dark Russia fair,
And blow sweet summer through the exile's cave,
And set the exile free;
For which I pray, here in the open air
Of Freedom's morning-tide, by Lincoln's grave.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

1st January, 1961.

IT isn't very often that Christmas and New Year's fall on Sunday. I am delighted that this is so. I had a great deal of anxiety about our Sunday morning service at 11 o'clock on Christmas day, following our midnight Christmas eve service on Saturday. I was delightfully surprised at the attendance at both services, and the Christmas morning service was larger than usual, but I was worried about the service today. New Year's Eve is usually a night of jollity everywhere and I was fearful there wouldn't be a very large attendance this morning. Again I was delightfully surprised, for we had one of the largest congregations we have had this Winter for a Sunday morning service. We received twenty-three new members into the church and I had five christenings after the morning service. I am sure there was less gaiety last night in Chicago than there has been in many years. The morning service was an inspiration to us all.

In most of the years of my ministry I have used the same subject on the first Sunday of the New Year. This year, the first Sunday being the first day of the New Year it had added interest. I used just the one word, "Courage." I have preached on it hundreds of times and never enjoyed preaching on it more than I did this morning.

There was no meeting of the Sunday Evening Forum tonight, so it gave me an opportunity to return home and spend one of the altogether too rare occasions in the Study. I listened to several Sunday evening programs, only to have verified what I have long thought—that with but one or two exceptions the religious broadcasts and the sermons that are sent out over the air are mostly composed of conventional phraseology and contain a paucity of ideas. Many, in discussing Christianity and Judaism as well, seem to be moribund.

The first day of the New Year has begun auspiciously for our church, for which I am very grateful.

This afternoon we visited one of the oldest members of our church, who attends frequently—Mrs. Nellie Hawkins—for today is her 86th birthday. From there we went to Evanston and attended the Open House of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler, held in honor of their son, Clyde, and his bride. Clyde, Jr. is in the Air Force and is located at the moment in Rapid City, South Dakota. I married his father and mother and christened him. He has chosen a charming bride, whose father is the Commandant of the Air Base. At the Bassler's were many familiar faces and we were delighted to see them all.

My secretary, and one familiar to every reader of the Liberalist, Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, also held Open House in her apartment and, inasmuch as it is very nearby, we could not refuse her invitation and spent a few minutes enjoying her hospitality and the charming atmosphere in which she lives.

Monday, 2nd January.

Four magazines published in Great Britain come to my Study desk every week: *The Christian World, The British Weekly,* which is published in Edinburgh; *The Inquirer,* which is a publication of the British Unitarian Association, and the *London Illustrated News.* Today I had an opportunity to

go over them all and to catch up with some copies which had been neglected. Both *The Christian World* and *The British Weekly* are edited and written by people who have a high rank in the field of religious journalism. They are stimulating, provocative, occasionally controversial, but always expressing themselves with clarity and conviction. I find myself disagreeing with much of their theological opinion, but the sermons and addresses which they publish of various religious leaders and thinkers in Great Britain are of an extremely high order. On the whole I think there is much more careful preparation given to sermons in the pulpits of the various denominations in Great Britain than in the United States. The constant demand for attention to organizational requirements and social affairs which the usual American minister has to face is practically nonexistent in England. I think this enables the minister to do more reading and to prepare more adequately, from the homilitical point of view, his sermons.

There are great exceptions to this observation, of course. I feel that England has seldom had a minister who can compare with Harry Emerson Fosdick in homilitical material and presentation. Dr. Ralph Sockman is another; and I will not leave out Bishop Fulton Sheen, who gives evidence in every address of a scholarly approach, even when you cannot agree with or accept his theology.

I must mention reading today several back numbers of *The Inquirer,* published in London. I am convinced, through familiarity with many publications and writers in England, that the finest, most analytical, most penetrating commentary on the contemporary world being written and published in England today, is being done by the editor of *The Inquirer,* Mr. Lee. I thought, as I finished several of his articles today, that they could have much wider distribution than they have. His penetrating analysis of contemporary affairs is the finest of anyone I know writing today on either side of the Atlantic. I wish everyone who is trying to be a Liberal in their religious emphasis in this country would read *The Inquirer.*

Tuesday, 3rd January.

I participated in the funeral service today of one of the finest men I have ever known, and we have been friends for many years—the Rev. Paul S. Newey, founder and minister of the Assyrian Congregational Church. I had been seeing Mr. Newey intermittently during his illness. He and his church shared with us our annual Thanksgiving Day service and we shall never forget how he rendered the benediction in Aramaic, the language which Jesus spoke. He was a scholar, a great pastor and much beloved. His church, which is located just a few blocks from our own church here in Chicago, was filled to overflowing, with people standing in the aisles. Participating clergy were all old friends of his, and the one who gave the eulogy in Aramaic was the venerable Dr. Joseph, who came from the same village as Mr. Newey, in far-off Assyria. We shall miss him, but his memory will always be with us.

Wednesday, 4th January.

We opened our Book Lectures for the 26th year tonight, in the sanctuary of the church, and I spoke on *The Waste Makers,* by Vance Packard. The large audience was indicative of the interest in the challenge which Vance Packard has brought to the American people in all of his books. I enjoyed lecturing on the book, for the audience

was unusually alert and responsive.

Just before retiring I have been listening to the news about Cuba. Today the President broke off all diplomatic relations with Cuba. There never would have been a free Cuba without the United States. I wonder how long Castro will last! He is ultimately doomed to failure, for he is fundamentally wrong and wrong never wins in the end.

Thursday, 5th January.

Today we opened our annual Thursday Noon January Lectures in the Chicago Public Library Assembly Hall. This year I am giving a course on The Meaning of Poetry, and speaking today on The Powers of Poetry. I was fearful the subject would not be sufficiently attractive to maintain any unusual interest, but I was completely surprised, for the Assembly Hall was packed and people were standing, to hear a talk on poetry. That is a good sign and it was most encouraging.

Friday, 6th January.

We have just returned from spending a most delightful evening as the dinner guests of Mrs. Hazel Ferguson, President of the Friends of Literature, at the Orrington Hotel in Evanston. It was a small dinner party, which I like best, and an evening of delightful conversation and exchange of ideas. The widow of Admiral Downes, who has been active in Chicago literary and dramatic affairs for a long time, was present. Mr. James Pike, a prominent Christian Science Practitioner, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus L. Garnett, well known business man of our city, and Dr. and Mrs. John Reich, together with June and myself constituted the small dinner party. Dr. John Reich is the distinguished and internationally known Director of the Goodman Theatre here in Chicago. Since his coming among us the Goodman Theatre has achieved a well-deserved reputation of being one of the finest examples of the creative theatre in this country. It was a most enjoyable evening, with people of ideas and culture. The art of conversation has almost disappeared from American social life. It was an exhilarating experience to have had this evening with these dear friends.

Saturday, 7th January.

A day like today for me is altogether too rare. I have spent the entire day in my Study, reading, planning, working. I wish I could have every Saturday just like the one I have had today, but if I did there is much that would go undone.

Sunday, 8th January.

This afternoon, in the Palmer House, I had the opportunity of speaking to about 1200 members of the National Brotherhood of Railway Postal Employes. I witnessed the installation of their officers and it was done with such dignity and effectiveness as to be an example to similar installations. I was greatly impressed by the manner in which it was performed and I am sure it made a great impression on the hundreds of members who had gathered here from all over the United States.

Tonight, at the Sunday Evening Forum in the church, I talked about *Castro and Cuba* and, as was to be expected, the audience was large and responsive. The Question Box brought out a great many interesting ideas.

Monday, 9th January.

We have a new Governor of Illinois —Otto Kerner. I watched the inauguration today. I have a special interest in Otto Kerner. I have known him for many years. His father, Judge Kerner, was a very dear friend of mine and his

mother is one of the finest women I have ever known. I looked into her face today, while the Governor was making his inaugural address, and her expression registered her justified pride, with a trace of sorrow that his father could not have lived to have seen this day. It is too early to appraise what kind of a governor Otto Kerner will be, but there is every indication, judged by what he has been during his lifetime up to this hour that he will be an honest, sincere and conscientious executive. I wish him well.

Tuesday, 10th January.

We drove 287 miles this afternoon and evening in order for me to speak at the Soil Conservation Dinner held in Seeger High School in Warren County, Indiana. It is a beautiful new high school. The dinner was held in the gymnasium and was one of the largest groups to which I have spoken in a long time. I have great affection for Indiana and the people there. The audience tonight was composed of agriculturalists, and their chief interest is in soil conservation. Conservation is one of my favorite themes and the response was inspiring. The ride home tonight was beautiful. It was about 40 degrees and there was little traffic. I enjoyed the ride through the night.

Wednesday, 11th January.

The weeks pass quickly. Tonight, at the Book Review, I spoke on William Vogt's great book, *People! Challenge to Survival.* People had better awaken to the seriousness of the situation when fifty million babies are born every year in this world. The problems which this presents for the future is as great as any problem we face. The demands upon land and water from this increase of population are going to create problems that most people are not even considering. It is alarming; and William Vogt is performing a great service with this book. It is always an indication of a person's real concern for humanity when he tries to anticipate future conditions instead of merely enjoying his present situation. Whenever I hear anyone use the phrase "One hundred years from now it won't matter," I shudder. It will matter. It matters so much that the survival of man himself is at stake.

Thursday, 12th January.

I had a most interesting and a full day today. The regular noon lecture at the Chicago Public Library in the Assembly Hall increases my belief that people are interested in the cultural and spiritual values. I spoke on *Melody and Rhythm in Poetry* to a packed hall with many standing.

From there I went immediately to the church where I conducted the funeral service for one of the finest men I have ever known—Mr. C. Hilding Anderson. I have known him for years. His long illness of nearly two years confined him to the hospital just a block from my own home. I would run in to see him very often. He was an attorney, Master in Chancery, and Chairman of the West Side Medical Commission, which is in charge of developing the great West Side Medical Center in our city, former President of the Swedish Club, and active in many cultural and social affairs of our city. He and Mrs. Anderson were loyal attendants at our services, and we have shared many a program together through the years. Nearly 1,000 people were present at his funeral. Many telegrams were received from officials all over the country. A former mayor of Chicago, Mr. Martin H. Kennelly, was a pall bearer. C. Hilding Anderson will long be remembered and will be greatly missed in our

church. His passing has left a vivid place against the skyline of my life.

I then had to meet the very personal challenge of changing one's mood by attending the reception given by the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and the United Nations Association to Adlai Stevenson, the new Ambassador to the United Nations. The reception was held in the Guildhall and hundreds and hundreds of people passed through the line. I had only a few minutes with the Ambassador, but I wish him well as he faces the greatest challenge of his life. I have known him many years and have served under him as a member of the State Normal School Board while he was Governor and he takes to the United Nations the best wishes of a multitude of friends.

From the reception June and I went to the Grand Ballroom of the Sherman Hotel to help observe the 82nd birthday of another great man, Mr. Melvin Jones, who founded the largest service club in the world—the Lions. My association with Mr. Jones has extended over a period of years. It was he who arranged the great banquet at San Francisco in April, 1945, on the evening before the United Nations charter organization meeting met for the first time. It was he who invited me to give the address on that occasion and many of the delegates to the United Nations charter meeting were present. The address was taped and later published and has been rebroadcast many times. I read it the other day and say quite humbly that I am amazed how subsequent events have fitted in with some things that were said before there was any United Nations organization.

Friday, 13th January

Are you superstitious? Most everyone is, but I gave it very little thought today. This afternoon I drove to Purdue University, at LaFayette, Indiana, where I spoke in the Union Building, at a dinner of representatives from five states, who had gathered to discuss the program and principles and operation of the Izaak Walton League of America. As I entered the University three students came up to me and one young man said, "Dr. Bradley, you christened me nineteen years ago. My father, who lives in Gary, brought me to your church many, many Sunday mornings, for he attended your church, riding in from Gary." The young man was Mr. Gut. I remember his father and remember him as a youngster, and was glad to see him there at one of the great universities of our country. We left after the address and again I enjoyed the ride home, although we arrived home very late in the morning.

Saturday, 14th January.

I have been making sick calls all afternoon and have been in four hospitals, and had two weddings to finish this day. One of the most rewarding things in my whole ministry is my visitations of the sick. Any minister who neglects that is neglecting one of the greatest opportunities in his profession.

Sunday, 15th January.

Another inspiring Sunday. People are interested in contemporary problems. Tonight at the Sunday Evening Forum I spoke on *The Sick Dollar* and, judging by the attendance, there are a lot of people who have sick dollars. The Question Box was most stimulating, and I opened up the evening to spoken questions from the floor which is always somewhat dangerous, but it worked out very well tonight. I sometimes wonder just how many people our church reaches on a Sunday, with three broadcasts and two visible con-

gregations. We are grateful for the opportunity.

Monday, 16th January.

Every year since Advertising Men's Post of the American Legion has been organized, they have invited me once a year to address them. I did so today. Advertising Men's Post is quite different from many Posts of the American Legion, for they are composed of men who have not followed some ultra-reactionary attitudes of the American Legion. They have not always seen eye-to-eye with national policy, and the personnel of their membership is composed of not only business men, but lawyers and professors as well. I was honored today by the presence of an old friend, Dr. Ovid Sellers, who was formerly Dean of McCormick Theological Seminary here in Chicago. It was good to see him again.

This evening the Minnesota Arrowhead Association gave a dinner in the Sinclair Hotel to the sports writers of the Chicago press. They invited me to come because of my long residence in the Arrowhead District of Minnesota. Practically all of the sports editors and writers of the Chicago newspapers were present and it was a most enjoyable affair.

Tuesday, 17th January.

I was out in Iowa today, speaking at the auditorium of the Washington High School in Vinton, and the whole conversation out here from everyone with whom I talked had to do with the woman in Sheldon, Iowa, who is alleged to have embezzled over two million dollars. The question was not so much "How did she do it?" as it was "What did she do with it?" It was the subject of conversation everywhere. The audience tonight of about 800 people was most responsive, as Iowa audiences always are.

Wednesday, 18th January.

The book I talked about tonight, Dr. Robert Gordis's book, "A Faith For Moderns," is almost an unknown book but one of the best I know on the subject. I am sure many people would be interested if they only knew about the book. It has had very little publicity. I have never read a review of it anywhere, but Dr. Gordis has made a distinct contribution to the subject and I advise you to read it.

Thursday, 19th January.

It has been a day almost completely filled with little activities. We have had a heavy snowstorm all day, and there have been many accidents, but it did not keep people away from the noon book lecture at the Public Library, for the audience was beyond all expectations and they even brought in extra chairs.

Tonight, at the Friends of Literature dinner in the Art Institute, two of my dear friends, Stuart Brent, of the Stuart Brent Book Shop and who gives the very popular television program "Brent on Books," and Mr. Sterling Quinlan, General Manager of ABC, WEBH-TV in Chicago, were present. Stuart Brent gave a challenging, courageous talk on "The Books Americans Buy." I wish we had room to print every word of it. I spoke before Mr. Brent and how I wish I was to have spoken after him, for I would have spent all my time backing him up in his somewhat unconventional ideas about American culture. It was a great address and a great evening.

Friday, 20th January.

A new President. From seven o'clock this morning until nearly midnight I have spent most of the day in my Study and before my television set. What an interesting and a historic day. The graciousness of President Eisenhower

toward Mr. Kennedy in every particular indicated the almost unprecedented smoothness by which the transfer from one President to another has taken place. President Kennedy's address was comprehensive, not going into detail about domestic conditions so much as outlining his dream and hope in the area of international affairs. History alone will evaluate its greatness.

Saturday, 21st January.

Recently, at a reception given to Mrs. Charles S. Clark, founder-president of the Conference of Program Chairmen and Club Presidents, I shared with the distinguished pianist and concert artist and teacher, Mr. Rudolf Ganz, in the tribute to Mrs. Clark. Mr. Ganz is one of the most interesting men I know. He is a philosopher as well as a musician. His physical vitality is unbounded and his sustained interest in what is happening in the world about him is most obvious. His mind is alert and penetrating. Before the program began, Mr. Ganz took out of his pocket a clipping, and said "I want to read you something." This is what he read:

A world-renowned philosopher complains: "Our youth now love luxury; they have bad manners, contempt for authority . . . they no longer rise when their elders enter the room . . . they contradict their parents and tyrannize their teachers."

Then with a whimsical smile upon his face, Mr. Ganz said to me, "Do you know who said that?" Well, my first reaction was to think of some contemporary commentator, or of an extract from some sermon, or some interview that had been given by someone. I thought of half a dozen people who might have been responsible for it.

"Oh, no," he said, "that was said by Socrates who lived between 469 and 399 B.C." He handed the clipping to me and it was headed: "Youth Going to the Dogs." I asked him if I could keep it and make a copy of it, which I did. Well, this proves nothing perhaps except that we have always had what has been called "The Youth Problem" throughout the whole history of our civilization.

Keep looking up.

"BUILDING PERSONALITY"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
November 27, 1960

ONE of the things that has always impressed me the most about nature is its infinite variety: the infinite variety of creativeness! Millions and millions and millions and millions of snowflakes, and never two alike! Millions and millions and millions of raindrops, and never two alike! Millions of blades of grass and botanically (the botanist will tell you) never two blades of grass just alike! The infinite variety of nature! A million, million sunsets from the first evening of the cosmos, and from that far off moment until tonight, never two sunsets alike! A million, million sunrises when the eastern sky looks as though someone had opened a great furnace door, and glorious beauty and melody in color and never two sunrises alike! The infinite variety of creation! Millions and millions and millions of people, and never two people just alike! The infinite variety of humanity.

Now what makes one person differ-

ent from another? Why this infinite variety in personality? What is this strange, intangible projection that in our relationship with others becomes us? Why do we have something called "personality" that distinguishes us from every other human being who ever lived? There is that in each personality: some distinguishing quality that identifies them as a unit in the whole area of creativeness? What is that, and how can it be acquired?

We know for the first time in the history of the evolution of the personality through the contribution of modern science, particularly in the areas of psychiatry, that there is a deep, hidden consciousness in every person that retains every impression that person has ever had! The "old" psychology called it "the subconscious"; the "new" psychology calls it "the unconscious", but there is an area in every person deep down in the hidden recesses of personality that retains every impression ever made on that personality. The impression is never lost!

You may think you have forgotten some incident, some event, some experience way back yonder in your life: consciously you may have forgotten it, but unconsciously it is still there! You cannot eradicate it; you cannot put it out of your personality! In the deep consciousness of every new-born child, beginning before the child is born, are deep-seated storehouses in which that child will retain every impression and influence of life from day to day as it goes along and develops: the color of the room in which the child sleeps; what the child sees in the home; what the child hears at the table; what the child learns from associational contacts with other children, all these are building personality, and though the child may be wholly unconscious of these factors, the deep hidden unconscious child is retaining them!

Many of the great smash-ups at forty and fifty and sixty years of life do not just "suddenly happen" by some mighty explosion of the inexplicable, they are the gradual working out into external expression of many of these inner impressions that have been hidden away in the unconscious life of the individual! I question very deeply whether there is a "sudden explosion" in the realm of morality; I question very deeply whether there is a "sudden inclination" to commit a crime! Superficially, in our observation, and based upon factual evidences of a deed, one would say that. Why do people do that? Why did he do this? Why did she do that? And we begin to study and analyze the personality. Then when we bring the light of psychiatry and of psychology and of the mental processes and the environment and the heredity and the influences which have become a part of that person's life into the picture, then we see clearly what happened! That is why parents, and all who have the responsibility of touching growing lives should be sharply attuned to this important truth. It is the most important truth that we can consider in relation to human personality.

Now we are beginning to see, as man has never known before, that thoughts are things, and that ultimately and definitely the things we think gradually manifest themselves into action, and action determines destiny!

A good destiny is all predicated upon the power of right thinking! We cannot toy in our mental processes with the ignoble and the vile and the filthy: it is as much a sin to think wrongly as it is to commit a sin, for when our minds are saturated with the vileness and the impurity of life they are creating actualities for experience! Therefore in the building of personality the primary thing is to learn how to con-

trol our basic thinking first, to think rightly and thus leave no room for the evil and the impure thought!

What makes two people different? Why do some faces glow and project tranquility and beauty? Why do you look at a perfect stranger that you have never seen before and you say automatically: "I think there's a good person!", or "I like that person!" You have never heard them speak a word; you know nothing about them, but you are naturally and immediately attracted to them! What is that? That is the overflowing of a personality that has guided its thinking, attempted to familiarize its mind with the high thoughts of the ages, the great thoughts of literature, the beauty of art, the rapture of great music, the loveliness of friendship, the purity of love!

All these are architects! All these are sculptors! And you never can run away from the tell-tale evidence, for the personality, in the outcropping of our thinking, will tell the story—always! That's why people are different!

People who have high thoughts, people who practice the nobility of life; people of basic integrity and honesty; people who have cultivated the associational factors by which goodness, truth and beauty are preserved in the personality, they outwardly manifest all that! That's all personality is: personality is the outcropping of your real self; personality is what you are inside, not to people, not to society, not to any of these things, but what we are on the inside! And if we're clean there and honest there and true there, then we need have no anxiety about the outside of our personalities! We will have developed, constructed, and built a personality which will plow its way into the hearts and minds of people because of its concentration on excellency! One of the truest sentences in the sacred book is this: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is"!

Now, spirit of goodness, truth and beauty, help us that our minds might always function on high altitudes; may there be no room for ugly things and unkind things, that we might build the kind of personality that wherever we go, whatever we do, whatever we say, people will be able to say: "It was good to be in his presence!" May all with whom we come in contact this week, may they be able to say: "It was good to know him!" And now may the blessings of love, of goodness, and of truth be and abide in all of your hearts today and tomorrow and tomorrow!

A MESSAGE FROM THE REV. H. J. McLACHLAN. M.A., B.D., D. Phil.

Minister of the First Presbyterian Church, of Belfast, Ireland.

ONE may be pardoned for thinking that the controversies over Church aims and rights and theological doctrines that go on around us today are a kind of fiddling while Rome burns. The clash of human opinion and the wrath of secretaries about words and doctrines and meanings is endless. It has gone on for centuries. It has filled millions of printed pages and consumed millions of hours of

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

I HAVE often said that I have only one real theme in my life, and I believe this month of February, in which occurs Brotherhood Week, is a good time to have brought to our minds the necessity for promoting understanding, comity and right relations between the people of every creed and faith and race. The significance of brotherhood and its relationship to unity was never more important. It is essential that this be the hour in which the true significance of brotherhood and fraternity is emphasized and projected above everything else. Let us demonstrate to the world that we, as Americans, can live together and work together for a common purpose and a common destiny.

The test of a person's culture is to be found in his attitude toward the differences which exist between him and another. In this hour, the real traitor to the effort to establish real peace in this world is the one who advocates racial hatred and religious bigotry, even though he may talk freedom and vociferously announce his patriotism. There is no higher loyalty to this nation and to the cause of liberty and justice than that which is expressed by our unity—not uniformity, but unity.

He who respects the religion and race of another has for himself the finest religion, for underneath all is the common purpose to make our nation and the world a place of beauty, of brotherhood and of peace. The things which unite us are vastly more than the things which divide us.

You remember the true and beautiful episode of the First World War, when a Roman Catholic Chaplain held in his arms a dying Jewish boy on the battle field of Chateau Thierry. The soldier, looking into his face said, "But, Padre, I am not of your faith." And the Priest replied, "No, but you belong to my God."

The brotherhood of man is only a reality as we recognize the fatherhood of God. To these ideals of brotherhood America is dedicated. Our fundamental position is that no person should suffer or be hurt because of his creed, his religion or race. May we build and pray that the time will come when these principles will be loved and practiced around the world.

A Message From The Rev. H. J. McLachlan, M. A., B.D., D.Phil.

(*Continued from page* 11)

thought. The dusty shelves of a thousand libraries witness to its futility and the world is no better for it.

Theological strife is, however, meat and drink to a diminishing number of persons living in the backwaters and up the cul-de-sacs of history, and Ulster has more than its share of these troglodytes. But the world and its future are not going to be influenced by such oddities. Like Canute they gesticulate in vain. The waters of contemporary life will eventually leave them stranded or submerge them utterly.

The pity is that they appear to command far more attention than they deserve. Allowing for the obvious "press value" of the strange and startling, it would seem wise on the part of the ordinary citizen and those who control our newspapers to give as little publicity to sectarian strife as possible. Those elements in our Society who wish to stir up trouble should be fairly and firmly subdued, and one way of doing this is to discountenance their activities and ignore their pretensions.

Religion is not a matter of words and doctrines. It is primarily a disposition, a way of life. Biblical fundamentalism and intolerant literalism are manifestly anti-religious in the deepest sense of the word. They are also dangerous in the context of the tensions of our time. Bible-thumping is no more religious than drum-beating.

It is for those who have other ideas about what constitutes Religion to "let their light shine," and by their lives to set an example of devotion to the moral and spiritual teachings of Jesus. The Master had to contend with the traditionalists and literalists of His day, Scribes and Pharisees, rigidly righteous. His life and death are a condemnation of theological bitterness and ecclesiastical rancour. Said Jesus, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of my Father. What do ye more than others?"

We are living in a different age from His, but the demand for self-giving and love in action remains the same.

"No mystic voices from the heavens above
Now satisfy the souls which Christ confess;
Their heavenly vision is in works of love,
A new age summons to new saintliness.
Before the uncloistered shrine of human needs
And all unconscious of the worth or price,
They lay their fragrant gifts of gracious deeds
Upon the altar of self-sacrifice."

BOOK CHATS

"THE form of the book never for a moment bothered me. What I was absolutely determined *not* to do was write an autobiography. I would set down in short sections such matters as occurred to me at the moment, or struck me as being important enough to include. At the first hint of boredom, I would shift with the agility of an Andes llama. If a 1916 anecdote jostled a 1959 episode, I would trust the reader to take them in without flinching. If neither section seemed to him worth the publishing, he could tear out the offending pages and throw them away, as Jim Young used to do while reading a newspaper. Jim would invariably end surrounded by a

pile of newsprint. In the case of the Sunday New York Times, he once disappeared entirely from view."

The above quoted paragraph is from the Introduction to *Total Recoil, by* Kyle Crichton, published by Doubleday. Kyle Crichton has known the great and near-great personalities of our times and decided to tell all. Kyle Crichton, from his early years as an editor on *Scribner's Magazine* through his days with *Collier's,* covered the literary, sports and entertainment worlds and jousted with everyone from Thomas Wolfe to Paulette Goddard, from D. H. Lawrence to Danny Kaye.

The author "cavorted" with the literary giants of our generation as well as the Hollywood set and reports about them all with both wit and sober judgment.

I found the book delightfully entertaining and fascinating. It is for the reader a sort of taking-apart of all these personalities one knows about but has not met—it is meeting them firsthand through a fascinating interpreter. And the meetings are never dull because they are intimate glimpses of people under all sorts of circumstances.

There might be one or two episodes about a personality which, if taken separately, out from the book, might shock you, but which when read in the light of the whole kaleidoscopic panorama of people—people—people, with all their interesting differences, approaches and surrounding atmospheric influences, just add another bit of color to the great tapestry of life.

Kyle Crichton is such an excellent raconteur that, though I long to do so, I simply cannot quote from the book, for I should be obliged to relate the entire episode rather than quote from it. To leave out a line here or there would simply be unthinkable. Oh, yes, there are short anecdotes put in here and there; but to give you one of those would give you no idea of what the rest of the book is like—the stories about people. There are no chapters, as such, in the book; that is, no headings to chapters; just a little anecdote set at the top of the page. The very first chapter, as you would call it, starts out with the first line of the first paragraph in larger type:

"MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT LIFE STARTS WHEN THEY ARE BORN, but this is a mistake." Then there are about six little sections to the chapter. At the heading of the next chapter there is this:

"After years of distinguished service with the American State Department, John Bigelow retired to the country to write—and found he had nothing to say."

We go from Sinclair Lewis to Groucho Marx, to Pope Pius XII; from Dick Powell to Senator Robert LaFollette, Jr., to Thomas Wolfe; to Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht and Damon Runyon; from Max Reinhardt to Humphrey Bogart, to Grantland Rice, to General Pershing. There is a bit about life in mining towns. There's an interview with Eugene O'Neill. Then many pages on Thomas Wolfe, and a few about William Saroyan.

Perhaps I should quote this little anecdote which Kyle Crichton mentions as "innocuous." I happen to have a personal reason for feeling a bit nostalgic about Vermont:

"Back in the days when a penny was a coin and not merely a token for computing a sales tax, the New York Times used to print on its masthead a spate of information which ran something as follows (I am quoting from memory): One cent in city and suburbs; two cents within a radius of seventy-five miles; three cents elsewhere.

"Once in Woodstock, Vermont, I was charged five cents for a daily *Times*. Just for the hell of it, I pointed an indignant finger at the masthead and said:

" 'What's about the three cents elsewhere?'

"The lady behind the counter gave me a long, disdainful look.

" 'Woodstock,' she said, drawing herself up icily, 'is beyond elsewhere.' "

Then the author slides easily into a discussion of a man "who was beyond elsewhere."

There are bits about Hemingway, Faulkner and Thurber. There is Abe Marcus of the Marcus Shows; Danny Kaye, Henry Ford, Charlie Chaplin—oh, well, if all this hasn't interested you in going right out and getting the book, and reading it, nothing will.

"THE VISITING FIREMEN"

(By JOE and ELSA McCLOY)

The Usher's Club of the church will present a special Sunday Afternoon Tea in Anderson Hall on Sunday, February 26th, at 4:00 o'clock.

All who have seen or heard about Joe McCloy's colored slide presentations will want to save this afternoon for Joe's latest: "The Visiting Firemen" or "What to Do With the Relatives?" No one presents picturized lectures in the fascinating style of Joe McCloy. He and Elsa take special trips to gather the material; then they work together on editing and assembling. The result is always entertaining and delightful.

No group in the church is more faithful than the Usher's Club. They well deserve that we put aside this special Sunday afternoon for their Tea.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

I HAVE heard the expression used "She is in a state of shock," when someone has gone through an accident or some great emotional upsetment. I was "in a state of shock" on the night of Thursday, January 12, 1961.

The shock came from my great surprise at an amazing happening in my honor.

My very dear friend of many years' standing, Mrs. Helen Blessing Eddins, a woman with the biggest heart of anyone I know, had called me up about ten days prior to the 12th and had said, "I'm going to have a birthday party for you at my house; and I think you might as well know about it, so as to save the date. You tell me whom to invite."

Thinking of any work that might be involved, I replied: "That's so nice of you, Helen, but just make it a little

party, Helen, and *please* just make it fun, so no one will feel they should give me an expensive present," I said. "Why not tell them to bring something from the dime store and make just fun out of it." And I added: "I shall feel terribly embarrassed if you make it any other way." Helen agreed to the plan, and then later I called her and said "Let's turn the tables on them, and I'll hand out a little gift to each one." Mrs. Eddins had given a "slumber party" to a group of older women on a previous occasion and I had taken many little things from home which I had wrapped up to give out from a "grab bag." We all talked so much that night that we forgot all about the "grab bag," so ever since then we have been trying to use up those little gifts. Helen said, "All right, that's a good idea."

January 12th arrived and several birthday cards came to office and home, and I looked forward to a pleasurable evening with a few friends at Helen's house. Helen said Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hangel (whom I expected to see at this little party) would call for me.

The Hangels arrived and I came out to the car with two shopping bags. One contained some macaroons and other cookies which Elsa McCloy had given me, a box of Christmas candy still on hand from Christmas, and a few other goodies which I thought could add to the refreshments at this party. Also a jar of egg-whites I had saved for Elsa. I tell you this so you may realize how unprepared I was for what happened afterward.

We were riding up Sheridan Road and Mimi Hangel said quite casually, "Did Helen call you this afternoon?" I said "No. I talked to her yesterday." "Well," said Mimi, "did she say anything about tonight?" "No, she didn't." "Well, she called me," said Mimi, "and she wants us to stop at Anderson Hall on the way—It seems the Bennetts are having some kind of an affair, a concert I guess—I'm not quite sure what it is, but Helen seemed to think we ought to stop in there first."

Well, my pleasure at the anticipated meeting with a few friends at Helen's house for a party got a decided slap in the face, to put it bluntly. I was terribly disappointed and upset. My plans didn't include any concert by the Bennetts, no matter how splendid an affair it might be, because after all, a party is a party and it's something sort of special when it's your birthday, so I was upset. The more I thought about it the more upset I got. I said as kindly as I could, above my upset feelings, "The trouble with Helen is she tries to do too many things in one day. Then she is so conscientious. I realize the Bennetts are well deserving of our support in anything they do, but I don't want to go to Anderson Hall. Here I thought I was going to have a party. I wouldn't have come at all if I thought I was going to Anderson Hall." Thus I carried on, like a spoiled child, and even felt justified in my grumbling. Wouldn't you?

We stopped at Anderson Hall. Mimi said probably we would go to Helen's afterward. She even added, "Maybe I got it wrong; maybe Helen just wants to get the flowers that were left at the church from a funeral held here at the church today. So a funeral even got mentioned right on top of my disappointment about the birthday party.

We went downstairs and as I walked toward the glass doors opening into Anderson Hall I saw the hall was filled. Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President of the Woman's Club, and her husband, Mr. Harry D., were standing at the back of the room, with many others. My

confusion mounted, as the wheels went around in my head, while I tried to straighten this whole thing out: "Why wasn't such an important event as this seemed to be mentioned on our church calendar on Sunday? Why wouldn't Dr. Bradley know about it and why wouldn't he have mentioned it to me, his private secretary, at the Study?" And there sat Mrs. Harrison, our Church Secretary. That made me sure this was a very important occasion! All this concentrated thinking on my part occurred in mere seconds, as I walked over to Mrs. Stone, and asked her: "What in the world is going on here?" "I guess," she said, in what I thought was a hazy sort of way, "the Bennetts are doing something." At that moment I noticed someone waving frantically at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, our Director of Music and his wife Cathryn, our Organist, who were at the piano on the lighted platform. Somehow the platform looked unusually beautiful, with its new gold-colored draperies, the lovely new chairs. There was the lectern, too, and the Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler already on the platform, as though some program was about to begin; the hall was filled and there was certainly an air of suppressed excitement in the hall. A long table was set for refreshments, the entire length of the room. Just then Helen Eddins rushed down the length of the room from the kitchen toward the entrance door. I looked toward the front and there sat "Lucky" Keve, a dear friend of mine who was to have been at my "little" party at Helen's. Then I began to come out of my daze, and I said aloud "Helen's played a joke one me." I say "began" to come out of the daze, for I still couldn't conceive of all those people being there on my account, nor could I imagine what was about to happen.

Someone (I still don't know whether it was Helen) marched me quickly to the platform, where the Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler reached down and took my hand, saying, "This Is Your Life, Ethel," and I was led up on the stage, a big green leather chair was pulled up to the front and I was placed in it, like a queen, and looked out on that sea of faces.

Rev. Ruth Ann was the M. C. and Narrator. She had written the script, and how she had managed to reconstruct my life from what she knew of these later years, and from a scrap book found in an old trunk I shall never know. This entire event had been worked up since the Sunday before, and this was only Thursday night. The narrator began by referring to the scrap book. As she talked I was gazing in amazement and fascination at all those faces. As one and then another of the faces of my friends began to gleam out from that audience, I couldn't resist waving in delight from where I sat. This was no stilted, formal affair. Right from the start it began to be fun—fun for everyone. I found out afterward how quickly it had been worked up and how there had been no rehearsal for anyone from the start, yet it all hitched together beautifully, combining speech, music and song, as though it had been a rehearsed affair.

There were friends from the Dale Carnegie Alumni Association; from the Friends of Literature; from the Sunday Arts Club; from the Professional and Business Woman's Club and the Woman's Club of the church; Marion Gibney, who had directed some dramatics for two of the clubs, and who had been a member of J. Bradley Griffin's Uptown Players. There was Baroness Violet Beatrice Wenner, great portrait artist, with whom I, as an amateur hobby-artist, have the great

pleasure and privilege of studying. There were people from Evanston, from Edgebrook, from all over Chicago. There were even people from Canada, visiting relatives of Dr. Margaret Riley's, whom I had met through Helen Eddins. There were friends from the choir; friends, friends, friends—all these dear people who lead such busy lives had given up this evening to me. That was my first overwhelming thought and I nearly burst with the emotion that came surging up within me—of gratitude and humility.

Lovely Baroness Wenner repeated for me a beautiful New Year's wish which she had given at an Open House which I had held—the most beautiful New Year's wish I have ever heard. Hugs and kisses came from many of these dear friends and I am sure the love that was poured out at this party in such glowing measure must have blessed everyone there. As I had dressed to go to the party that evening I had thought to myself "I wish I were giving a party instead of receiving one," for there is truly joy in giving a party, and so I know that all those who joined in helping make the evening such a success had a wonderful time too. They have told me so, and I can believe them.

As a grand finale, Mrs. Elfrieda Walters, who shared an apartment with me for several years, went to her recorder, which I had not noticed on the platform, turned it on, and the voice of Dr. Bradley greeted me in a lovely tribute such as only he can bestow. He then introduced Mrs. Bradley (June), who shared in the record with him in giving me such kind words, then came a greeting from Mrs. Ray Landmark (Myrtle), the very efficient and loyal housekeeper of the Bradleys. Dr. Bradley and June had two very important engagements that evening (one which included greeting Hon. Adlai Stevenson) and found it impossible to be at the party in person, so they had made the recording the night before, in their home.

There was still a surprise on top of surprises, for Mr. L. E. McCloy (Joe to his close friends), Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the church, then added some kind words to all that had gone before, and presented to me, on behalf of all these friends of mine, a $100 U.S. Savings Bond. (Where were those little dime-store gifts I had asked for?) (And where were my little grab-bag packages?)

I was led to the table that was gleaming with lighted candles and the yellow (my favorite color) trimming of the cakes. There was one enormous book made of cake. On its left page was written "This Is Your Life, Ethel." On the other page, "Happy Birthday, Ethel." All this surrounded with yellow roses in deep, rich frosting. There were other cakes and there were beautiful open-faced sandwiches. It was really a party on a huge scale, which turned out to be a party for everyone. Everyone enjoyed it and had a lot of fun.

Was I surprised? Never in my whole life was I so completely "taken in" and "duped." Never was I given such a party! I shall never forget it. I kept thinking "Oh, how my Aunt Harriette would have loved this party for me." Aunt Harriette had been a mother to me from the time my mother passed on, when I was ten, until she was taken from me about eight years ago. She liked gayety and this was such a gay party! How shall I ever thank all the people who made it so? I have started writing personal notes to all, for surely it is their due; but when I shall get to the last note to all those dear people I do not know. Notes have continued to come in from people who did not

know about it or could not be there.

A party that was planned to be for eight people, turned into a group of nearly 200 in the space between Sunday and Thursday. How the telephone must have worked overtime!

Dr. Bradley has often told us: "Have a goal in life. Think positive thoughts. Believe in yourself and your life's work." And he adds: "Keep looking up!"

Mrs. Helen Blessing Eddins only knows positive, creative thoughts. What she plans she believes in and knows it can be done. She proves Dr. Bradley's philosophy every day of her active, wonderful life, and everyone who knows her loves her, including myself, even though I did say "Helen tries to do too much in one day!" Maybe there just isn't too much for Helen to try to do.

I'm sure my Aunt Harriette's spirit was at that party. It just had to be!

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As Cultural Chairman of the Temple Sholom Senior League, I want to thank you for giving us one of the most fascinating talks we have had in a long time. In fact, no program we have had in years has inspired so many delighted and enthusiastic comments.

Everyone who heard your talk thoroughly enjoyed it. But I'm sure no one enjoyed it more than I—for I took personal pride in presenting such a fine speaker.

Thank you for the Senior League and for myself.

Cordially yours,
Harold Kaufman.

* * *

Dr. Bradley, Dear Sir:

In listening to you Sundays over WLS, you, sir, have many qualities I would like to develop to a greater extent: A sympathetic understanding; a deep sensitivity; a poetic vocabulary, very expressive; a practicing, thoughtful, Christian attitude; a deep warmth, from experience; wonderful sermons; humility; lovingkindness; charity to all; a big heart, with tremendous brotherly love!

I am a two hundred and forty pound lumberjack, six foot seven inches, eighteen collar, size fifteen shoes and wear sizes forty-six and forty-eight sweat shirts. I pile lumber every day.

What wonderful prayers you give over the radio and sermons.

God bless you immensely, and I hope you live to be a hundred with all the good you do!

This, kind sir, is my Christmas card to you.

Most sincerely,
Lewellyn A. Morse, Madison, Wis.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

"3" is my lucky number and so I am enclosing a check for $3 to help you in your work. I will explain why "3" is my lucky number. You married us at 3 p.m. December 30, 1933, and you did a mighty fine job as we have been and are very happy.

I am now retired on a pension and we are enjoying my "vacation."

May the New Year bring you all the good things you could possibly hope for.

Sincerely,
Carroll Norman Parker and
Rose Marie Parker, Berwyn.

This couple did much better than a woman did recently who wrote in for a certified letter as to her marriage, but couldn't remember the date. It took three letters passing back and forth to finally find the correct date and the record. But the Parkers even know the hour of day as well as the date. Congratulations to them.

* * *

A former usher writes from Florida.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is many years ago that I was on your staff of ushers when you started at the Wilson Avenue Theatre. I was so glad to give my time in your behalf.

I have enjoyed many days in your present church building before I left for Florida. It was compulsory on account of my health.

May you enjoy many more years in your pulpit. Words cannot express how I always enjoyed your sermons. With regards to you and your family.

Sincerely yours,

Roy R. Feldman.

* * *

Someone asked Charles Dickens where he got all the material for his novels. Mr. Dickens answered: "Where do I get the material? Why, there is enough material in the block where I live to keep me writing a lifetime." I thought of that remark when I read the following letter which will be of great interest to our church members:

Re: A Miracle. December 31, 1960.
Dear Dr. Bradley:

My husband had a very bad cold which started October 10th. He wouldn't let me take his temperature or give him any medicine (I am a registered nurse from Ravenswood). Just let our dog get sick and I have to take her to the "Vet" immediately. He likes doctors but he never needs them he thinks.

On the 15th, I called his dear friend, Dr. John J. Eichstaedt. When the doctor came my husband's temperature was 105.6. Doctor gave him penicillin and a shot for his heart and I had to give him antibiotics and heart pills around the clock. Doctor decided he was in no condition to send to the hospital and he knew he would get good care at home.

Sunday morning my husband was irrational. At 10:55 he said "What time is it?" I told him. Then he said, "I have to have God—turn on Dr. Bradley." Your sermon that Sunday really was wonderful—all during the sermon he was rational. When you finished he said "I'll make it; I have had God." Then he became irrational again.

The doctor came right after your sermon; he never misses it; and he said to me, "Bern, tonight is the crisis; if he lives he will be over the hump." His temperature was 106.2. That night was the longest night I have ever had. His temperature broke. I really worked on him, knowing I was trying to save my own.

It was a long way back. The doctor came morning and afternoon. For "chit chat" the doctor told Ed to go to your church and see the beautiful mural that his friend and patient, Mr. Louis Grell, had painted for the altar.

The doctor was here examining my husband when he got a call that Mr. Grell was very ill and was on his way to the hospital. The doctor put in a telephone call immediately: all he said was, "Oh God—not him!" Then he broke down. It takes a truly great man to cry, and that is what the doctor did when he heard that Mr. Grell was dead.

I wrote more than I had planned, but believe me, miracles do happen, and every night I say a prayer for you and Dr. Eichstaedt.

God bless you and keep you well.

Mrs. E. W. Johansen.

We thank Mrs. Johansen for this fine letter; and our members are grateful that Mr. Grell was able to finish the painting of the mural which Mr. Leonard Hicks commissioned him to do and presented to our church. Mr. Grell's beautiful murals are in many

great buildings throughout the United States and furnish many rich monuments to his memory.

The writer does not know whether Mr. Johansen has come to see the mural, but we hope that he will and that he will also give Dr. Bradley an opportunity to greet him.

* * *

Occasionally, of course, as is to be expected, Dr. Bradley has a letter from some rabid, orthodox and sometimes fanatical religionist. The following letter came as a result of his having mentioned such a letter at Christmas time. Because the letter refers to the mural, mentioned in the preceding letter, we thought it would be of interest:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My wife and my youngest daughter and I were in the Peoples Church at the Christmas Eve service and heard you discuss the letter from the woman who said you were not a Christian. We want you to know that we are with you. Keep up your good work. We have listened to your sermons for at least ten years and we joined your church about a year ago. The world is so full of hate that if we did not have men like you who give us inspiration and hope, I don't know what we would do. Everywhere you turn there is hate.

When I go to the Peoples Church and look at the mural that was unveiled last year it gives me a lift. I am not a very religious man, Dr. Bradley, but that mural in the Peoples Church gives me a lift. It is hard to explain just how it works on your mind and body. I was saddened to hear that the artist who painted the mural died just recently.

My wife and I wish you a very healthful year for 1961. We hope to be able to help you celebrate your fifty years of preaching.

Yours very truly,
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Popp
and daughter, Linda.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

When the Light Shines Through

A little boy, when asked if he knew what a saint was, answered, "Sure. They're the men the light shines through!"

How true! The real saints we know are those people who somehow send a rainbow's delicate hues across the clouds of life, who can replace a frown on our brows with a smile on our lips, who make a star to shine in the darkest midnight, who cause the beauty of a flower to illumine the ugliness of the weed patch, who send a song ringing through our hearts, who make us thrill to the mere joy of being alive, who challenge us to nobler ideals and higher aspirations.

According to legend, the angels in Heaven, observing the beauty of a noted bishop's life, offered him the power to heal the sick, or to convert sinners. The old bishop declined, saying, "The thing I most desire is that God would bestow upon me the gift of doing a great deal of good without even knowing it myself." Consequently, as the bishop walked upon the earth, wherever his shadow fell, the hearts of men were cheered, little children laughed, and tired men rested.

Each of us can be a man or woman whom the light shines through.

—Leo Bennett

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

1—Funeral
Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Drove to Linden, Michigan and back, to funeral service of A. P. Lind
2—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Award presentations at Award Luncheon, Commission on Human Relations
Sermon, New Israel Congregation
3—Friends of Literature Christmas Luncheon
4—Morning sermon, Peoples Church
Broadcasts, WCFL, WLS, WEBH-FM
Chicago Sunday Evening Forum Address
Drove to Tuscola, Illinois
5—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Two addresses, Teacher's Institute, Tuscola, Ill.
6—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address, PTA, Westchester School, Westchester, Ill.
7—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address, Arlington Heights Woman's Club
Drove to South Bend, Ind.
Lecture, Scottish Rite Banquet, Walkerton, Indiana
8—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address, Men's Brotherhood, First Evang. United Br. Church
9—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address, South Evanston Woman's Club, Georgian Hotel, Evanston
10—Worked in Study
11—Broadcasts WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Sermon, Peoples Church
Chi. Sun. Eve. Forum, Annual Goodfellow's Concert, auspices Chicago Tribune
12—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Funeral
13—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Broadcast WTAQ, interview Sid Sacowitz, Sheraton Towers
14—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Cutting tapes for WBKB-TV
Three funerals
15—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address, Chi. Tribune Goodfellow's Lunchean, Grand Ballroom, Sheraton Towers
16—Broadcasts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address. Luncheon, Uptown Cham. Com., Edgewater Beach
Palatine, Ill. Brandt's Restaurant, interview by Art Hearn on WBKB-TV
17—Worked all day in Study
18—Broadcasts WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Visited Old Folks' Home, The Admiral
Candle Light Service and Christmas Pageant of Sunday School
19—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Annual Christmas Party, Woman's Club, Peoples Church
Sick call
20—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
21—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Worked in Study
22—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Funeral
Sick Calls
Wedding
23—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Wedding
Two funerals
Sunday School Christmas Party
24—Funeral, Maywood
Christmas Eve Service, Peoples Church
25—Broadcasts, WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Morning sermon, Peoples Church
Christening
Wedding
26—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
27—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Funeral
28—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Cut tapes for WBKB-TV
Address. Temple Sholom
29—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Luncheon, Holiday Lodge
Funeral, Elmhurst, Ill.
30—Broadcasts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Cut 16 radio programs
Conference, WEBH
WCFL interview by Bob Elson
31—Funeral
Sermon, Watch Night Service, Peoples Church

FUNERALS

1—Al P. Lind, Linden, Michigan
12—Harold S. Olson
14—Frederick Hummel
Artemus Grimes
Carl G. Pearson
22—Rose Smith
23—Josephine Wesbie
Arthur S. Schuelke
24—Francis G. Jamison
27—Fred Soell
29—Carl Shively
31—James Poulsen

WEDDINGS

22—Caroline Hoffman and Abbas Jibril
23—Patricia Fitzhugh and Alfred Niederman
25—Laura Lawton and Jerome Kaufherr
31—Mrs. Clare Reynard and William Walters

CHRISTENINGS

4—Adults:
Mr. Thomas D. Sherman
Mrs. Florence Moon Sherman (Mrs. Thomas D.)
25—Victoria Jean Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Drake

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum, Broadcast by WEBH-FM, 93.9 ..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet ..... 9:45 a.m.
There will be instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. The adult class will be studying Emerson's Essays from now to Easter and visitors are always welcome. Jack E. Kolinen, Superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: meets first Sunday in the month in Anderson Hall. Feb. 19, Alfred Eversberg, the poet philosopher ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Feb. 6, Mrs. Hugo New, Chairman. "What American Citizenship Means to Me" by Boys of Uptown Boy's Club. Pianist, Mr. Russell Stephan. Hostesses: Mrs. Rose Onesteck, Mrs. Orval R. Osman and Miss Victoria Sandell 1:00 p.m.
Feb. 20, Mrs. R. F. Noble, Chairman. "Demonstration Lecture of Water Color Painting: by Mr. W. R. Frizzell. Hostesses: Mrs. W. L. Berglund, Mrs. Chris Larsen and Mrs. Max Smith ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club. Sunday afternoon tea, Feb. 12. Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, Minister of Counseling of the Peoples Church will give his lecture on "The American Dream" illustrated with colored slides. Guest artist, Anada Cosgrove, mezzo-soprano, in costume ..... 4:00 p.m.

Friday, Feb. 10, the Sunday School is holding a Pot Luck Valentine's Dinner Party. People of all ages invited. Contact Mrs. J. E. Kolinen, In. 3-0315 ..... 6:00 p.m.

Opening date of Great Books Course, Feb. 7th, to meet the first and third Tuesdays of each month in Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

Men's Club meets the fourth Tuesday of each month. Watch the Church Calendar for announcement for Feb. 28 ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Daily, Monday through Friday ..... 6:50 a.m.
WFMF, 100.3—Daily ..... 10:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.
WEBH-FM, 93.9, Sundays, Chicago Evening Forum ..... 7:00 p.m.

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Preston Bradley

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